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Vol. CCXIV.

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THE SKETCH
MARCH 14, 1951

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The Sketch

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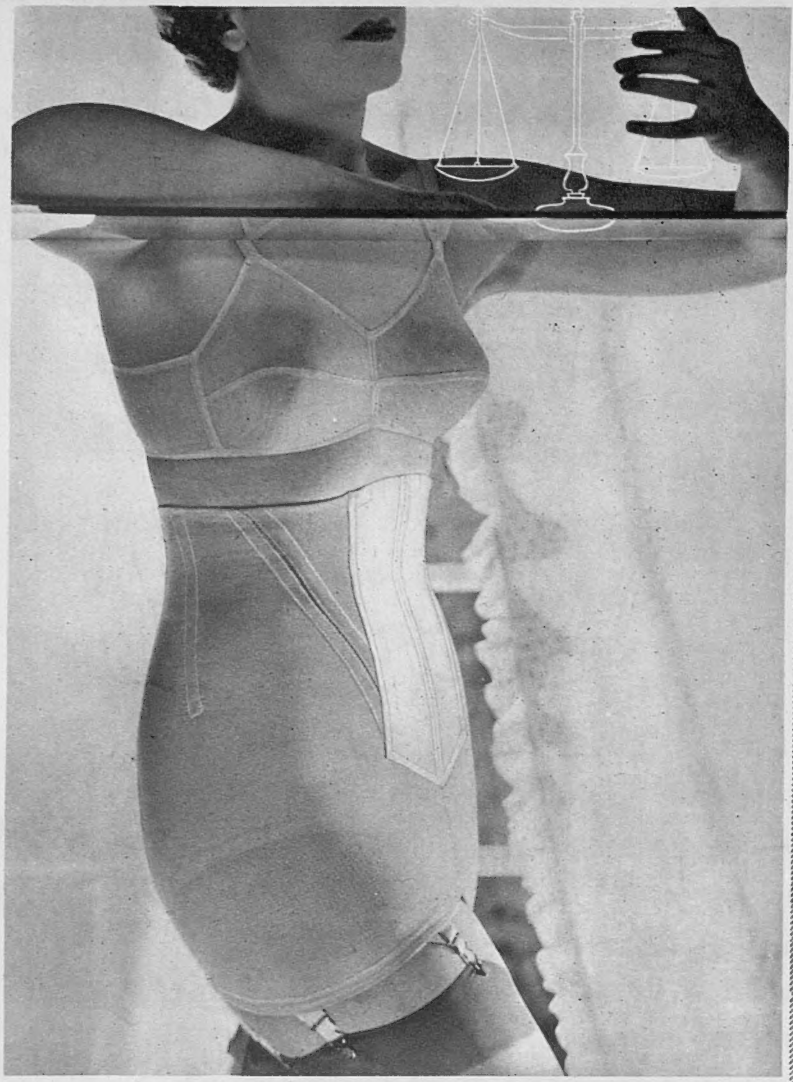

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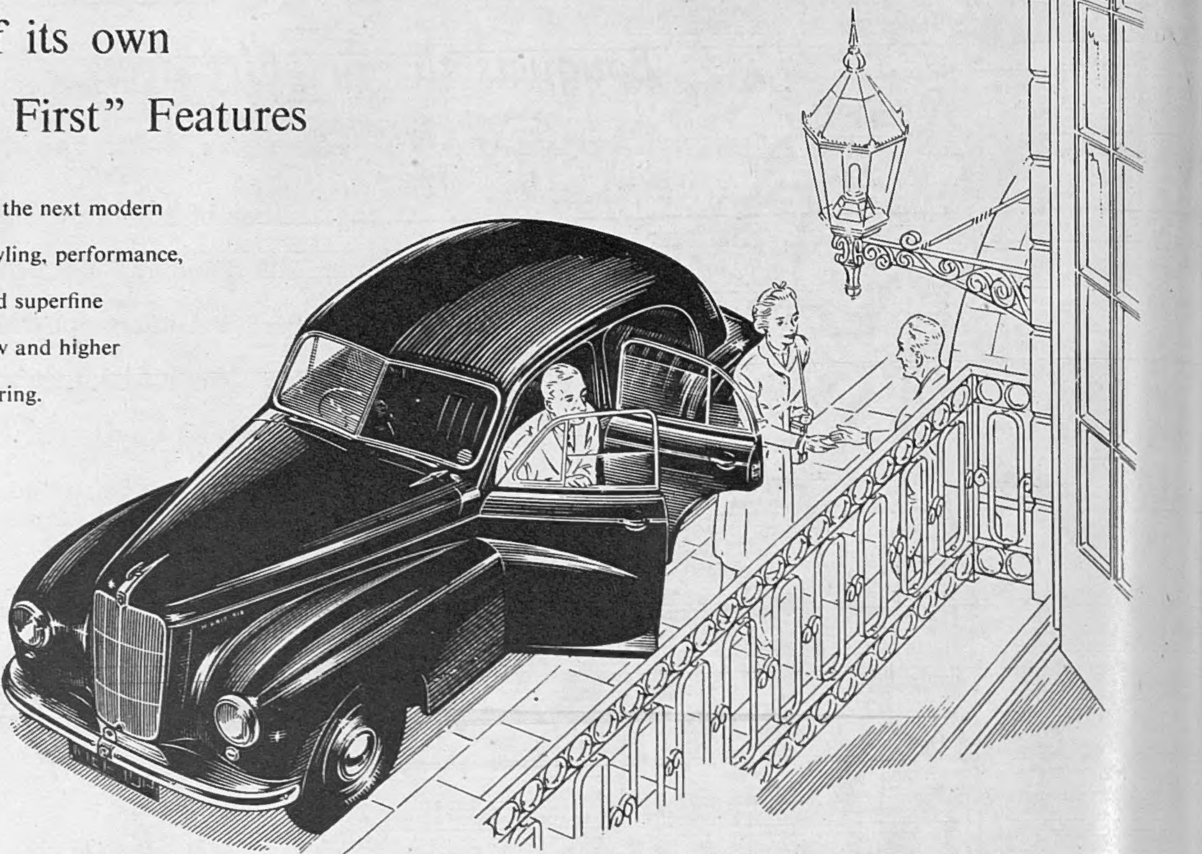

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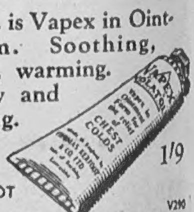

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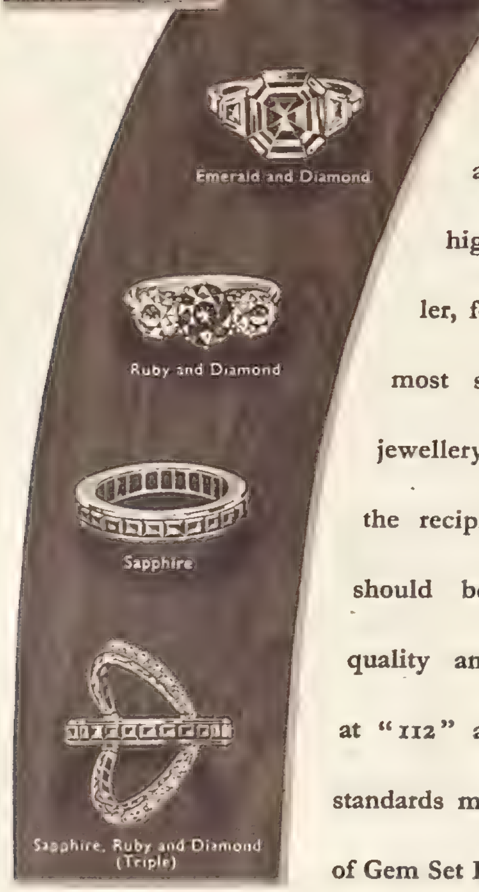

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MAN'S SHOP

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1951

Photographed by Peter North.

ANN TODD . . .

. . . is due at Princes Theatre to-night to repeat in a stage production of *The Seventh Veil* the part she played so beautifully in the film of that name. Leo Genn plays Nicholas Cunningham—James Mason's part in the film version.

The Queen (partly hidden), Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were at Lingfield to see her Majesty's 'chaser *Manicou* come in third in the Jerry M. Stakes.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

IF one is to believe what publishers say in their cups, and I would remind you that coffee is served in cups, the public is, or are, not buying novels as they used to do. Since demand regulates supply, the result is that novels are not being written to anything like the extent of other days.

Undoubtedly the reason is that realism has outpaced imagination. For example, in a recent edition of the American magazine *Life*, there were some four pages of photographs and reading matter dealing with the story of a man and wife and two small children who started off for a holiday in their motor-car and stopped to give a hitch-hiker a lift. The gentleman in question turned out to be a young fellow who had served a term in a reformatory and whose only luggage was a revolver.

He was not without a certain fastidiousness, however, and put off murdering the family for three or four days. In the meantime they travelled, slept, ate and refuelled under the silent terror of the revolver. When the gunman had reached the territory he was seeking, he shot the whole family and threw their bodies down a well. Later on he was caught, but I cannot remember how.

Now where could an author, specialising in the macabre, improve on that story? When I tell you that the murderer suffered from an affliction which kept one eye perpetually open—even in sleep—you will agree that life transcends art. Compared to this American, our old friend Macbeth was just a painting of a villain, a weakling driven to momentary violence by three hags and one wife.

RELUCTANT as I am to believe that the novel has fallen into a serious decline, I recall that, just before sailing for America, I decided that my bookshelves were overcrowded, and that there had to be a clean-out to make room for new volumes. This, of course, was a ridiculous idea, for what man can part with a book? Maybe this novel, or that book of memoirs, had been unopened for ten years, but to send it away in cold blood is against human nature. On the other hand, the signatures on the flyleaves of many of these volumes showed that the lending of books is quite another matter.

The only result of Operation Removal was to find that I had selected a heap of books for instant re-reading. And what were they?

One was *Hitler the Pawn*, by Rudolph Olden, who resigned the foreign editorship of the *Berliner Tageblatt* in 1936, journeyed to London to tell us that Hitler intended war, and was torpedoed and drowned in 1940 on his way to Canada.

He came to lunch with me at the House of Commons on his arrival in London, and I thought to startle him with the question: "Does Hitler mean to make war?" His eyebrows rose in astonishment at my innocence. "But of course," he said.

Then with a brilliant symphonic variation on one word, "Hate," he explained that Nazi Germany did not hate the British. "We Germans," he said, "never hate until we are ready. Until then we can be very fond of a nation. When we lost the war in 1918 we realised that it had been a great mistake to hate England, because her Navy was too strong. In fact, we were so low in spirit after 1918 that we hated no one. Then Hitler rose and hated the Weimar Republic, which was a safe thing to do. Then he decided to hate the Jews, because they had no Navy. Much encouraged, he decided to hate Austria. Next he will hate Czechoslovakia. Until he has dealt with them he will have nothing but real affection for England. Not until his air force is ready will he hate you. Then there will be war—and he intends war."

Seldom have cynicism and truth been so truly wedded and bedded. Perhaps the most revolting feature of the Nazi régime was its cold, calculating hatred. Olden's book was written in 1935. Anyone who thinks we were wrong to fight Germany should read *Hitler the Pawn*.

ANOTHER book which escaped deportation from my shelves was Bacon's Essays. There are still some otherwise sane men who believe that Bacon and Shakespeare were one man. How they could read these essays and still believe such nonsense is beyond human comprehension. No one can deny the wisdom, the clarity and the intellectual omniscience of Bacon. The splendour of his mind shone like the noonday sun upon the world of his time, just as the avarice and treachery of his spirit shamed the century in which he lived. That such a man could write *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with all its youthful music of delight and innocence is beyond possibility.

Nor could Bacon the historian descend to the vagaries and superficialities of Shakespeare's histories. There are always self-appointed pundits who cling to the idea that education is an essential aid to creative writing. In fact, I have often observed in England that the art of quotation is honoured above creation, as if the dissemination of another man's thoughts bespeaks the glory of one's intellect. Personally I believe that a writer should have just enough learning to misquote.

I do not wish to bring too much scorn upon my head, but I sincerely believe that, next to Shakespeare, the greatest creative literary brain in our English story is Dickens. Don't brandish Little Nell at my head or remind me that Dickens could not portray a gentleman or a priest. If you do I will hurl Micawber in your teeth, with Pecksniff held in reserve.

And if you think that Dickens was a caricaturist and not an artist, turn to the first chapter of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and read the tempestuous description of the wind that swept across Salisbury Plain and roared out to sea where it met some winds of a like kidney and made a night of it! The very pages tremble with the gale of Dickens's writing.

He was quite uneducated. So, I claim, was Shakespeare. Wise men are such fools that they mistake the cargo for the ship. Education is the disciplining and enrichment of the mind but not its flowering. Learning and expression are not linked together in an unbreakable union like the Siamese Twins.

AH! Here is another book, *Ciano's Diary*, which must be placed on my bedside table for a second reading. On the flyleaf there is a bragging statement: "This book is the property of Neil Cooper Key, M.P." Obviously the claim is false, since it reposes on my shelves. It should read: "This book is the lost property of Neil Cooper Key, M.P." That would be more modest and certainly more accurate.

But how did it reach St. John's Wood? Admittedly a couple of years ago I went to speak for Neil at Hastings, and spent the night at his country house. Yet is a man to be convicted on such flimsy evidence as that? On this basis it would be unsafe ever to accept a week-end invitation.

I only met Ciano once, and then by accident. It was at the ball given in January, 1939, by Mussolini at the Palazzo Venezia. Il Duce was wearing tails, which was, or were, a mistake. His wing collar was very small and very tight, and looked abashed at finding itself embracing the fat neck of Italy's Man of Destiny. In fact, the pudgy little man looked extremely uncomfortable and singularly unimpressive. Ciano cut a better figure, and swaggered about in great good spirits, rather like Prince Danilo waiting for the Merry Widow to turn up.

After a time Chamberlain, Halifax, Ciano and Mussolini made their way slowly through the throng of guests and disappeared down a narrow hall. At a respectful distance I followed them, but lost the scent. And just then I turned to the left, and found myself in the presence of the four great men in a small room where they were examining a collection of ancient firearms. This was an embarrassing moment, and I did not at all like the look on Musso's face, even if the firearms *were* ancient.

I apologised, but Neville rescued me and did the decent. Ciano shook hands, but Mussolini was not at all pleased, and I beat an ignominious retreat. That's all. The story has no point, but it links up with *Ciano's Diary*, which is now my property.

Those who delight in cynicism will find a rich reward in the *Diary*. At first it is sycophantic, then it begins to express doubts about Italy's politicians, admirals and generals (by that time Italy was at war with us). Still later there are criticisms of Mussolini's policy and even some doubts about his omniscience, yet it is all deeply respectful. But the last chapter was written while Ciano was waiting for the death sentence to be carried out. No woman scorned by her lover could have been more venomous, more contemptuous or more highly strung. His hatred of Mussolini poured out in words that fairly scream from the pages. Poor Danilo! He was meant for Maxim's, not the Coliseum.

SINCE to-day we are dealing with the subject of writing, let us linger for a moment on the extraordinary effect which can be achieved by a misprint. Recently I was making a study for publication of the Commission's Report on the problem of London traffic, and I wrote: "In certain districts cars and taxis will only pause long enough to debouch a passenger." The word "debouch" was a bit pedantic, but it was clear enough.

Believe it or not, when the words appeared in print, the sentence read: "In certain districts cars and taxis will only pause long enough to debauch a passenger." Unfortunately, it was for an overseas publication, and this picture of London can only confirm the suspicion that we have become a degenerate nation. There is something so cynical and decadent about regulating vice according to the clock.

But the snares and pitfalls of writing are many. Let me confess that my eyebrows raised themselves when in the *Daily Herald* I read this dramatic description of the scene at Melbourne when Len Hutton came out to bat. Here it is:

Melbourne, Friday.

Picture if you can the loveliest test cricket ground in the world, Adelaide Oval, where the fourth Test has just been played. A hot summer's day, a vast crowd mainly in open-necked shirts or cool cotton frocks, for women comprise the major portion of Australian Test crowds. The crowd rises as one man.

Which proves how the women of Australia have been debauched by sport.

Beverley Baxter

"..OTHERWISE SANE MEN.."

"..QUITE UNEDUCATED - SO, I CLAIM, WAS SHAKESPEARE.."

"..DID NOT LIKE THE LOOK ON MUSSO'S FACE.."

"..NO WOMAN SCORNED.."

Illustrated by Martin Aitchison.

A Navy player gets the ball from the line-out.

H. D. W. Shuttleworth, Army scrum-half, gets the ball away from the scrum.

Lewis Jones, the Welsh International three-quarter, has been a great asset to the Navy's attack. So often has he managed to save situations before being brought down, as in this case by W. C. Major.

Out-of-Doors

AN INTER-SERVICES OCCASION

By a Spectator

THE triangular Inter-Services Rugger Battle ended on an extremely muddy battlefield at Twickenham last Saturday in a victory for the Royal Navy over the Army by 11 points to nil. In actual fact, it hasn't ended, for the Army still have to play the Royal Air Force, but the Royal Navy, having beaten the rivals, are the victors for the first time since the war.

All over England there are sporting events attended, at all costs, year in year out, by certain sections of the public. The Navy-Army Rugger match is one of these events which, given reasonable weather, becomes an occasion.

It is never overcrowded : the lower East and West Stands are seldom full ; but, in keeping with life in the Services, there is a routine. The car park starts to receive customers from all over the country at about 1 p.m. By 1.30 there is a fair crowd of members of both Services, serving and retired, prowling round amongst the picnic lunches, greeting equals, respecting seniors and acknowledging juniors many of whom they haven't seen since the same setting the previous year. Glasses clink, memories are wide awake, anecdotes are revived.

By two o'clock the inner parade starts in the space adjacent to the West Stand. From the air they must look like ants as individuals approach each other, stop, make contact, and pass on. The swarm becomes more concentrated until 2.45 approaches. That is the time they are asked to occupy their seats, to allow everyone to be settled by the time the teams are presented to a member of the Royal family—this year H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.

From then onwards the cheerful spectators support their Calling with every lung they possess. The excitement is intense, because the game is hard and clean. Once a young naval lieutenant's wife came down heavily on a major's bowler in front as a seafaring Scottish International kicked a winning goal from near the touchline just on time. Another time a burly subaltern nearly heeled the spats off an adjacent admiral.

This year, of course, an atmosphere of light-hearted banter on the subject of American Naval Command was evident. As the Army team trotted on to the field a young sailor was heard to say, " Now, which is Ike ? " Later, when the Navy had won, a colonel with a twinkle in his eye observed, " Is it true the Navy skipper was flown over from the States last night ? "

It 's all good fun, and there 's something extraordinarily still about the way the players stand when " God Save the King " is played at the end.

WHAT'S NEW?

A Composite Study in Anachronism

THERE'S something modern, yet all-pervasive, lurking in this reproduction of a Victorian family at home; upstairs, below-stairs, seen at Olympia's Ideal Homes Exhibition. Something which greases the wheels and makes life easier. Observe the modern gadgets among the traditional drapes, *objets d'art* and what-nots that knew nothing of power-cuts.

Candid Cameo

LESLIE MITCHELL

By Sam Heppner

WHAT a shock it is, what a shattering disappointment to his adoring listeners when a favoured B.B.C. announcer, skulking invisibly behind his cosy microphone, is dragged protesting into the rude light of day. Often he is a pallid, weedy, unprepossessing character, yet (so deep-rooted is the impulse to deify that which is admired) his fans persist in the delusion that he looks like—well, let us say, Leslie Mitchell. This is fortunate for Leslie, because he does look like Leslie Mitchell, though not always.

See him in person—a broad, loose-limbed, towering person it is, too; and, as Stephano might have said, "Thou art very Leslie Mitchell indeed." There he is, a tall, bronzed, demigod of a man; larger than life in a way. But from the television studio, where the camera and lighting arrangements do not always interpret the human visage as kindly as the naked eye, he may sometimes pass as Boris Karloff's stand-in.

It must be a queer sensation being Leslie Mitchell and to realise, while the cameras are trained on you, that, like a goldfish in its bowl, you are staring at people you cannot see through an illuminated, convex glass, and that the image is duplicated in a hundred thousand homes. You realise what it all means when people give you an odd kind of look in buses, shops, restaurants; when they sometimes grasp your arm spontaneously in a hotel lobby and burble in an embarrassed sort of way, "I—I 'm sorry, I thought I knew you. I do really, but you don't know me." This happens when your face, like Leslie's, is a piece of public property. But perhaps the most significant thing of all is a letter that reached him a few days ago. "Dear Leslie," it ran, "This may seem a liberty, but how can I call you anything else when I saw you trying to cover up that pretty nasty cold, when I remember your bad leg and the time your eye was giving you trouble and you wore a patch over it. . . . ?"

I could not supply a more fully documented medical history of my nearest relatives. Could you?

Some viewers may even have seen him without his trousers! They were accidentally torn from him, you remember, while ascending a new type of fire-escape in the grounds of Alexandra Palace.

Such is the strange magic of the television, at once a miraculous boon and an infuriating tyranny. It has enabled you to observe, if not the seven ages of man, seven years of Leslie Mitchell (three before the war, and four since), whose face was the first ever to be seen in this medium.

Our radio-television age has produced a spate of horribly inelegant names for many perfectly law-abiding citizens who, in a previous era, might have been described as writers, actors or orators, and who, through the shifting focus of opportunity, are now called commentators, M.C.s, interviewers and compères. Ugh! Leslie Mitchell, who is all these things, abominates the nomenclature, but is powerless to change it.

He is versatile, of course. I have an uneasy conviction that versatility is often synonymous with failure. But Leslie doesn't fail at things inconspicuously and retire quietly from the scene muttering "Perhaps the public knows best." No—he comes unstuck with such dash and *éclat* that his mild philanderings with the bitch-goddess success in half-a-dozen different guises have added force and stature to his personality.

In the heyday of the Mitchell ménage, Leslie's mother was a celebrated hostess; people like Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and Sir Nigel Playfair were frequently at the house. Leslie, who spent much of his childhood in the home of W. J. Locke, wanted desperately to write, an aspiration that has never deserted him. But after the Great War the family fortunes collapsed and, instead of going to the University, Leslie went to work—in a stockbroker's office. If you work in the City and live in Hammersmith, and if, moreover, you earn only a pound a week, the public transport services are a luxury beyond your means. But our old friend, the ill-wind, while blowing fiery gusts at Leslie's tortured feet, cast gentle zephyrs about his face which Sir Nigel Playfair espied one night on the Hammersmith Broadway. Recognising the lad from a casual encounter at his mother's house, Sir Nigel offered him an understudy part at the Lyric Theatre. He took the part on a promise of £4 a week, which he never received because Stephen Thomas, Sir Nigel's stage director, threw him out on the grounds that he was totally inexperienced.

Leslie proved in time to be one of the best understudies the theatre-going public never saw. To use the current euphemism, he "covered" for Leslie Banks, Laurence Olivier, Colin Clive, and others. Later he graduated to playing parts, including that of Stanhope in *Journey's End*, both in London and South Africa.

Between plays he took up stage designing and lighting and, with Lady Playfair, interior decoration; he even sold advertising space for a magazine and books for Cape's and Chatto.

He became a B.B.C. announcer, later migrating to the Variety Department as a producer. Then, one morning in 1936, he looked at his paper and read that he was to be the first television announcer. Yes, it was news to him, too. The B.B.C. had neglected to tell him.

Three years later he left the B.B.C. and, while continuing to free-lance for them, joined British Movietone News as their regular commentator. In 1938 he married Phyllis, the daughter of Firth Shephard. After the war he joined Sir Alexander Korda as his Director of Publicity, went to America, and resigned in 1947. He ascribes his failure as a film publicity man to "lack of worldly experience."

That blissful, ingenuous conceit of Leslie's is sometimes a source of irritation to television-owners, who suggest that he looks thoroughly bored with his "Picture Page" victims, is often downright rude to them in his oblique, nonchalant way, and gives the impression that he cares for nothing but the end of the programme. I do not entirely hold this view, but it deserves inclusion in such a personal evaluation as this.

Leslie Mitchell, the good-for-nothing, who does a little bit of everything rather well, whose tele-camera "presence" is quite a little masterpiece of polished control of the situation, cannot dance, add and subtract or manage business affairs. He is hopeless at remembering funny stories or people's names, and once restrained himself by a miracle from publicly introducing Lord Rothermere as Lord Beaverbrook. Perhaps his most disarming trick is the half-intended joke, uttered without a smile and followed by a bewildered "Did-I-say-that?" kind of look. It is this characteristic which makes Leslie so essentially a television personality. In the sense that "Itma" was "perfect" radio, Leslie Mitchell is "perfect" television because, having perfected the cult of what the Americans, in their expressive way, call the "dead-pan," he can give an exquisite irony to anything he says. The same things said on "blind" radio would lose their point, so that to see him makes you half-wonder if he is a little naïve and injudicious; if he really means to say as much and is desperately trying to conceal an indiscretion with that bland, impassive look. But no, it 's all part of the job—subtle, calculated, expertly timed and delivered.

This art, if art it is, is demonstrated every week when Leslie puts on his Saturday evening *danse macabre* for the benefit and entertainment of some 300,000 people.

★

Who . . . Me?

OH wad some Power the giftie gie us. . . .

Unlike Robert Burns, I am suddenly possessed of an insight only offered to those who suffer the penetration of these literary X-rays.

After years of genuine interest in other people and the way they live, I 'm astounded to read that I give the impression of being "thoroughly bored with them" and "often downright rude to them." This moronic misunderstanding can only derive from what Mr. Heppner so lyrically describes as my "dead-pan." I am not mollified by his furtive rider: "I do not entirely hold to this view."

Anybody in the public eye must expect to be shot at, but in the name of criticism let 's have an unwavering aim.

I like to remember the words of that earlier Spectator: "'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we 'll do more, Sempronius; we 'll deserve it!"

Here 's hoping.

Leslie Mitchell

Photomontage by Angus McBean.

TELEVISION "DEAD-PAN": LESLIE MITCHELL

COLE PORTER . . .

"creator of brittle, smart and sparkling songs," wrote the music and lyrics of *Kiss Me, Kate*, now at the Coliseum, and, in its third year, still running strong on Broadway. Fifty-six-year-old Cole Porter was born on a farm in Peru, Indiana; he was a student at Yale, intended by his father for the Law. Fate, however, stepped in, and for years he has been writing the most haunting songs that ever rolled round the world. Among them you'll remember: "Anything Goes"; "Let's Do It"; "Night and Day" which, based on his own life, was a popular and successful film; besides "Begin the Béguine" and "I've Got You Under My Skin." Cole Porter is happily married, and lives in New York.

Date-Book (Our Social Diary)

FEB. 22.

PALACE PARTY PREVIEW.

Tonight their Majesties entertained a thousand members of the Diplomatic Corps in London, and their ladies. Before leaving their Embassies some of the guests were photographed in their party frocks. *Left:* H.E. the Cuban Minister Señor Dr. Don Roberto Mendoza, and his wife. With her dress of ice-blue taffeta she wore diamond necklace and tiara. *Right:* The Peruvian Ambassador, Señor Ricardo Rivera Schreiber, and Mme. Schreiber, who also wore diamonds with her Rome-designed gown.

PALACE PARTY PREVIEW.

FEB. 22.

CHAWORTH-MUSTERS—CLAYTON WEDDING.

Left: At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Captain R. P. Chaworth-Musters, The Coldstream Guards married Miss Diana Clayton, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Clayton, of Northmoor, Dulverton, Somerset.

FEB. 22.

FILM AWARD.

Right: Rear-Admiral Lord Mountbatten, President the Royal Naval Film Corporation, presented awards (statuettes, designer Henry Moore) at the Odeon Theatre. Here Tyrone Power received award for Best Film for 1950 from any source—America's *All About Eve.* With him his wife, Linda Christian.

CHAWORTH-MUSTERS—CLAYTON WEDDING.

FILM AWARD.

FEB. 23.

R.A.F. BALL.

Left: Decorations at Annual Ball of Central Navigation and Control School, R.A.F., were original to say the least of it. Air Marshal Sir Hugh Walmsley, C.-in-C. Flying Training Command, and Group-Captain B. J. R. Roberts were intrigued by a cageful of budgerigars.

FEB. 24.

'CHASING.

Right: Chatting purposefully in the paddock at United Services point-to-point Steeplechases at Larkhill, near Amesbury, Wilts, were Capt. and Mrs. Desmond Vivian.

R.A.F. BALL.

'CHASING.

Date - (Our Social

BOAT-RACE PREVIEW.

FEB. 27.

BOAT-RACE PREVIEW.

To the river to see Oxford crew early in action on tideway at Putney—nearly a month before the Race. L. to r.: American cox C. Carver, L. A. F. Stokes, stroking in place of the President; D. N. Callender, C. G. Turner, M. J. Hawkes, C. G. V. Davidge the President, H. J. Renton, A. J. Smith and J. F. E. Smith.

FESTIVAL MURAL.

C.B.

FEB. 27.

FESTIVAL MURAL.

Left: Backstage of Britain's Festival is Graham Sutherland, at work in Tate Gallery on the mural he 's doing for the site. Like Feliks Topolski, also doing a mural on the closed-shop area, Sutherland has now his trade-union card—the Sign and Display Union, affiliated to the T.U.C.

FEB. 28.

C.B.

Right: Rear-Admiral G. W. G. Simpson, of St. Erth, Cornwall, left Buckingham Palace with little daughter Tania in his arms, after he had been made Companion of the Bath.

MISS ATTLEE.

FINALS.

FEB. 29.

MISS ATTLEE.

Left: At St. James's Palace for a concert given there by the New London Orchestra in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, was Miss Alison Attlee, daughter of the P.M.

MARCH 1.

FINALS.

Right: At Fenner's, Cambridge, the University Sports Finals: L. to r.: T. E. W. Clark (Christ's), J. H. B. Simpson (St. John's), J. C. McVeigh (Clare), and P. B. Hildreth (Downing), took first hurdle in the 120 yd. High Hurdles, won by Hildreth from Clark and Simpson (third) in 15.2 sec.

Book Diary - Cont.

MARCH 1.

STANLEY — PEASE WEDDING.

Left: St. Mark's, N. Audley Street. Mr. G. D. W. Stanley married Miss Bridget Pease.

MARCH 2.

INTO THE SUN.

Right: Lord and Lady Brownlow left West India Dock by Norwegian banana-boat for Jamaica, where, on the north side of the island, at St. Ann's Bay, they have a house. Lord Winster (right) saw them off.

STANLEY — PEASE WEDDING.

INTO THE SUN.

MARCH 3.

POINT-TO-POINT.

Left: A little help for a horseman was given by Mrs. F. D. Moore to Mr. Thomas Phipps at the Cambridge University United Hunts Club point-to-point at Cottenham, Cambs.

MARCH 5.

SALUTE TO WINE.

Right: At the Watergate Theatre something new. The Friends of Wine presented "Three Centuries of Wine," with dissertations and quotations. Three wine-tasters at the theatre were (l. to r.): the Hon. Colin Tennant, son of Lord Glenconner, Miss Ingrid Wyndham, and Mr. Richard Cochrane.

POINT-TO-POINT.

SALUTE TO WINE.

MARCH 5.

LIGHT BLUES.

Mist hung over the river as the Cambridge University Boat Race team pulled out into the tideway in training for the Big Day (March 24). They run: H. H. Almond (Lady Margaret), bow; D. D. Macklin (Lady Margaret); J. G. P. Crowden (Pembroke); R. F. A. Sharpley (Lady Margaret); E. J. Worlidge (Lady Margaret), C. B. M. Lloyd (Lady Margaret), W. A. D. Windham (Christ's), D. M. Jennens (Clare), stroke; J. F. K. Hinde (Pembroke), cox.

LIGHT BLUES.

Date-Book (Abroad)

RED CROSS BALL.

A KING DANCES.

FEB. 26.

RED CROSS BALL.

Left: International Red Cross Ball shows there 's still gaiety against Iron Curtain. At Graz, Austria, l. to r.: Major Morris, Baroness Sochor-Friedrichsthal, Major Jessop.

MARCH 1.

A KING DANCES.

Right: Copenhagen R. Naval College celebrated 250th anniversary. Dancing with Mrs. Jungersen, the King let himself go in a " mill-turn."

IN PARIS.

ROYAL HONEYMOON.

MARCH 2.

IN PARIS.

Left: At luncheon at the Academy given in honour of Prince Rainier of Monaco, H.S.H. joked with famous writer Colette, member of Goncourt Academy.

MARCH 2.

ROYAL HONEYMOON.

Right: In Persia's northern provinces Iran's Shah Mohammed Pahlevi and bride Soraya—wearing magnificent sable coat—took their skis up the mountains, accompanied by a big retinue.

FLYING CONDUCTOR.

SPAIN'S BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

MARCH 5.

FLYING CONDUCTOR.

Left: Sir John and Lady Barbirolli arrived in Melbourne by Australian National Airways 'plane, where he was guest conductor of Melbourne Symphony Orchestra.

MARCH 6.

SPAIN'S BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

Right: The Queen's niece, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, has become secretary to Sir John Balfour, new British Ambassador in Spain, for six months, to see if she likes it. Arriving in Madrid are: Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, Sir John and Lady Balfour. Backs to camera: Mr. Hankey, British Chargé d'Affaires, and wife.

Chasing after John Tanner, Ann, with Octavius, arrive in Spain on the first stage. Ann Whitefield (Kay Hammond); Octavius, her lover (Allan Cuthbertson).

John Tanner is on his way—anywhere away from Ann: John Tanner (John Clements); Henry Straker (Michael Medwin).

"MAN AND SUPERMAN" AT THE NEW

JOHN CLEMENTS' revival of Shaw's *Man and Superman* at the New Theatre is an excellent production, played with dash by himself, and with beguiling, drawling ingenuousness by Kay Hammond. It is the story of woman chasing man with the terrifying fervour of a starved tiger, and is one of Shaw's major pieces.

Miss Ramsden (centre; Margaret Scudamore) speaking to Roebuck Ramsden (D. A. Clarke-Smith), publicly accuses Violet Robinson (Peggy Simpson) of being an unmarried mother.

"THE PROSPECT BEFORE US"

by the Sadler's Wells Juniors

AT the Sadler's Wells Theatre, its Opera Company alternates until June 9 with a season of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet—the sparkling junior company of that house. They are seen here in a backstage scene (décor by Roger Furse) from Ninette de Valois' *The Prospect Before Us*, that delicious eighteenth-century story of the two jealous rival theatre managers who have only one ballet company between them. Standing on the left, Mr. O'Reilly, one of the managers (danced by Stanley Holden), surveys the dancers, with the brilliant young Elaine Fifield in the foreground. A tribute to this young company is the fact that the theatre is packed for every performance. They have a finely-balanced programme, and their talented dancers include, besides Elaine Fifield, Beriosova and Patricia Miller, the three male principals—David Blair, Permin Trecu and David Miller. Next autumn the junior company embarks on its first tour abroad—to Canada and the United States, where the senior company has already established itself in the firm favour of American balletomanes.

Photographed by Baron.

Saturday morning strength-through-joy programme: Philip Buchel (left) lifts Googie Withers and Betty Buchel, while on the right Michael Wilding takes an armful of Kay Kendall and Margaret Johnston.

Limbering-up at the studio *barre*: Sally Gray, Tyrone Power, Mrs. Goldner.

STARS LIMBER UP IN CHELSEA . . .

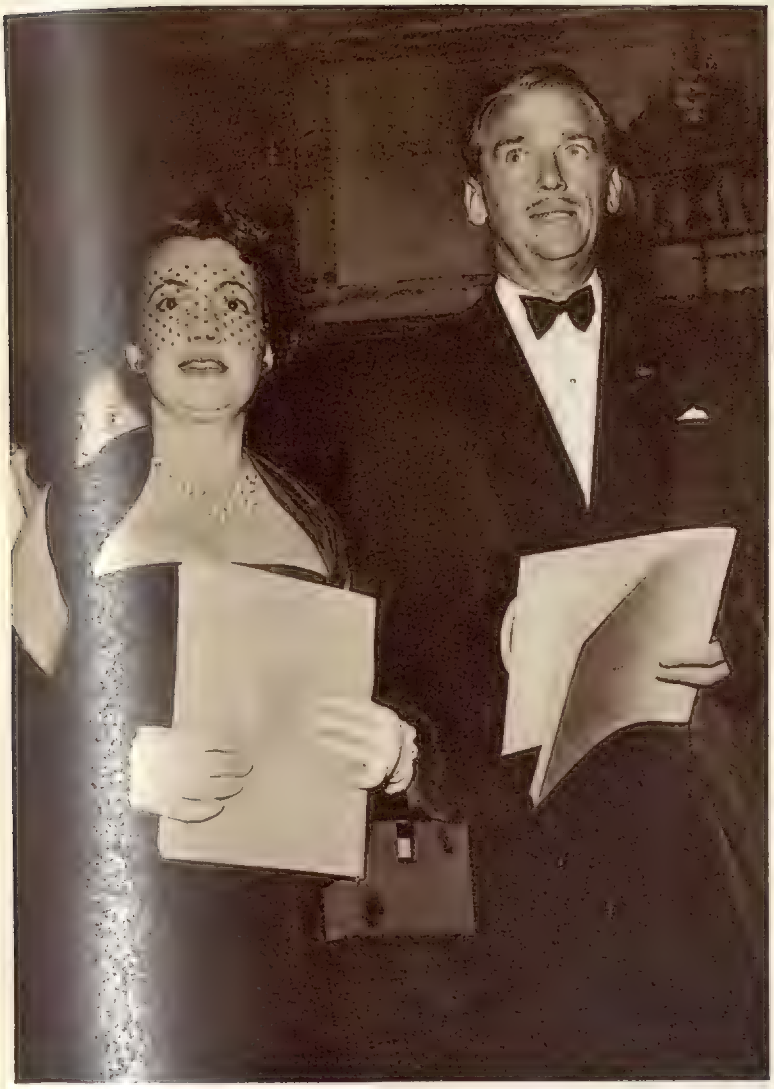
THIS PAGE

People who dream glamorously that the lives of film and stage stars are just one long round of pleasure and staying in bed till noon should visit Mr. Philip Buchel's studio in Chelsea on a Saturday morning. Here is always to be found a gathering of stars, limbering-up, learning dance routines, and keeping fit under the watchful eyes of Philip and Betty Buchel. Among those who attend regularly are Tyrone Power and wife Linda Christian, Jackie Cooper and wife Hildy Parks, Googie Withers, Sally Gray and Michael Wilding.

★

OPPOSITE PAGE

The stars went out when Hollywood came up with another gala première for charity's sake, proceeds going towards the building of a new wing to the St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica, California. *The Mudlark* was the picture shown, and over 100,000 dollars was raised by seat sales alone.



· the première : Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., and wife.

And Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Bogart (Lauren Bacall).

. . . AND HELP A CHARITY IN HOLLYWOOD

Elizabeth Taylor and Stanley Donen.

Last year's marrieds : Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable.

STEEL *versus* SEX

HOWEVER loudly the statistician may proclaim that Iron and Steel are France's leading industry—we consider that her adornment of women is what really makes the world go round.

No doubt the steel industry turns out many a smoothly-finished article . . .

. . . but how about this evening dress in dull pink satin with a transparent coat trimmed with sable by Jean Dessès . . .

. . . or this fabulous affair from Jacques Griffe which can only just get into the salon . . .

Specially drawn for "The

Then there's the hurry and scurry of the assembly line, for they show about a hundred models an hour. Here (left) is a mannequin being assembled. Chiffon scarf round head to protect hair-do, handkerchief in mouth to protect dress from lipstick.

Buyers handle these creations as if they were sackcloth. At Jacques Fath (right) vendeuse and mannequin stand by while buyer makes up his mind which model to buy.

Dress-shows apart, even if it's dancing the can-can at the Mogador, we still think France has got something that Steel hasn't got.

S..tch" by Francis Marshall

Old Stagers

TAKE IT FROM US (Adelphi).
From Joy Nichols, Jimmy Edwards, and Dick Bentley.

LACE ON HER PETTICOAT (Ambassadors).
The daughters of the Marchioness and the milliner meet in the Scotland of 1885.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys.

THE CONSUL (Cambridge).
The opera that is also a play, with Patricia Neway's singing.

WHO IS SYLVIA? (Criterion).
Terence Rattigan's light comedy flicks amiably across three periods.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play in its own right.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

POINT OF DEPARTURE (Duke of York's).
Theatrical vigour in Anouilh's controversial play.

THE GAY INVALID (Garrick).
Molière—more or less.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade taken from the French by Christopher Fry and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

LITTLE BOY BLUE (His Majesty's).
Emney and Hearne in skirts and out.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Three castaways—one of them Robert Morley—frivol on a tropical island.

MAN AND SUPERMAN (New).
Kay Hammond chases John Clements from Surrey to Spain. Text by Shaw.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
The late Ivor Novello's romantic musical play with its fine cast.

DEAR MISS PHŒBE (Phœnix).
Barrie set harmlessly to music.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Piccadilly).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT (St. James's).
Martita Hunt's acting makes this symbolic fantasy of Paris.

THE FOL-DE-ROLS (St. Martin's).
The end-of-the-pier in the West End—and very nice, too.

TO DOROTHY, A SON (Savoy).
A bubble of comedy.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN? (Strand).
The hunting of the Hare.

KNIGHTS OF MADNESS (Victoria Palace).
The Crazy Gang—all over the place.

AT THE THEATRE

★ First Choice ★

GAY'S THE WORD

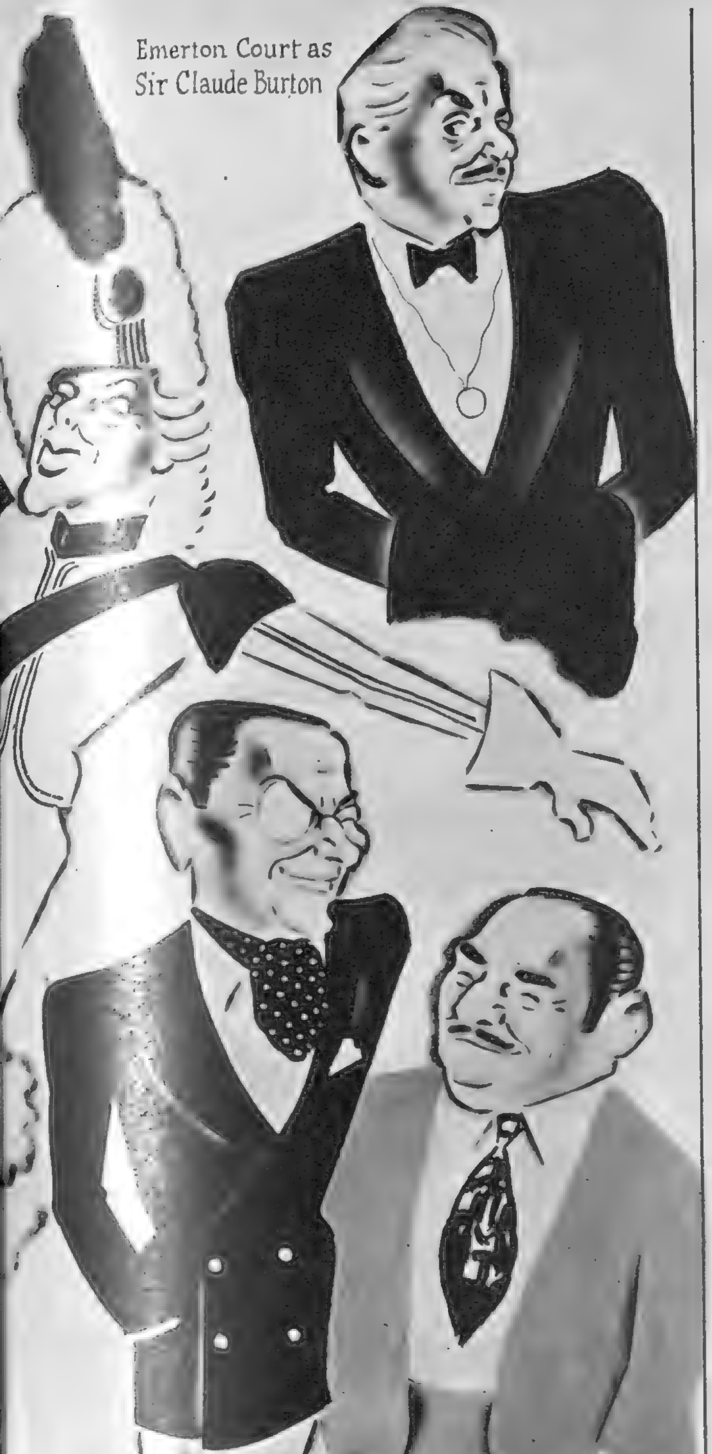
(Saville)

THERE is a moment in this piece when someone asks with passion, "Must mullets make vultures wonder?" I cannot find a satisfying reply; but the question is bound to be asked—at a rough guess—for more than a year, so I have no doubt that somebody will produce the answer. If not, not. The charm of *Gay's the Word* is its genial madness, its illumination by a green-cheese moon. Ivor Novello supplied the anecdote about an actress who starts a school of acting; Alan Melville has decorated it with his sharpest, most craftily-rhymed lyrics; Novello wrote music that you will hum in the bath next morning; and there is always, and gloriously, Cicely Courtneidge—called Gay and behaving like it. If you ask for more, it seems to me that you are impossibly demanding. I say to you with all the desperate emphasis I can summon, "Must mullets make vultures wonder?"

Usually I have a trick of scribbling notes on a theatre programme. This time I find on the programme of *Gay's the Word* the simple pronouncement, "There's nothing so heavily rationed as Anglo-Saxon sex," which I take to be a chip from a Melville lyric. The only other mark is a thick double line under the title of the song, "Vitality," which ends the first half of the play. I should have remembered this song without the double line, for vitality is the note of the production. Novello and Melville began by laughing gently at one of the drowsier Ruritanian inventions: then they packed everything they knew into a modern musical that, in spite of its go-as-you-please, inconsequential air, has been considered carefully to the last word, the last vocal flourish. It is indeed grandly vital. The cry throughout is "Attack!": and, heaven knows, this is something that the British musical play must never forget.

The Saville frolic is in no danger of forgetting it for a split second. Gay is always the word: Cicely Courtneidge, in full swoop-and-hurtle, sees to that. It is long since she has used to more effect her upward-tilting voice, her out-and-at-'em drive, her sense of timing that cracks a line home like a pistol-shot. While she is on the stage—and she is not often away from it—the piece sizzles. If you ask me to tell you anything more about the plot, I lie down and gibber. But you will not be anxious while Miss Courtneidge is around; while Lizbeth Webb is in song ("On Such a Night as This" is true Novello); and while Thorley Walters is showing what can happen to the nicest of young men at a School of Acting. Must mullets make vultures wonder? Yes, indeed.

. with J. C. TREWIN



Emerton Court as Sir Claude Burton

Carl Jaffé as Pierre Silvano

Denis Val Norton as Mr. Nespoulos

A PENNY FOR A SONG

(Haymarket)

SOME of my colleagues saw nothing funny in John Whiting's first play. They sat glumly and rushed off to call the comedy juvenile high jinks. But why? It is the product of a blithe imagination. I agree that we are not once asked to consider whether B will sleep with D, and the play is certainly—and doubtless regrettably—not an adaptation from the French. This aside, I must whisper that I found the whole business a charming and high-spirited fling, rightly produced by Peter Brook in an enchanting set. The credit for the set—and for such a "prop" as the crazy-week fire-engine—belongs to Emett, who has combined the fantastic and the pictorial. I shall not forget the beauty of the last few minutes in the summer night.

Where this period joke (Dorset, 1804) sags perilously is in its serious scenes. Mr. Whiting, I imagine, is a student of Christopher Fry, but he lacks Fry's gift of phrase: the passages for Ronald Howard (a blinded soldier) and Virginia McKenna (the girl who is with him for a day), though beautifully acted, are thinly written. The piece, with its balloon, cannon-balls, eccentric fire-engine, and so forth, depends on the gusto with which the author's nonsense, about the way to repel Napoleon, is developed by all concerned: I like especially the ardent Sir Timothy Bellboys, who is now descending a well, now dropping in upon us in a decorative balloon. Alan Webb acts Timothy with wild relish; Denys Blakelock is engagingly prim as the fire-quenching brother; and Ronald Squire sits by and philosophises in an arbour to our great content. Add Marie Löhr (the author could have expanded this part); Basil Radford, speaking for the cricket and the Home Guard of 1804; and George Rose, who spends the evening, a cherub aloft, up a tree—and there is a play fitted. It makes rings round the moon in its own way, and this is by no means the last we shall hear of John Whiting.

★

BETWEEN FIVE AND SEVEN

(New Lindsey)

HERE I can only murmur that if this is an authentic picture of life in Paris, I am happier in Hampstead. But I don't believe for a moment that it is authentic. It is just a thin brew of farcical-sentimental comedy (authoress, Andrée Méry; translator, Minnie Richard). Moderately acted and dully repetitive, it has little to recommend it after a few tentative flickers in the first act. John Witty is a young player of style and resource: he must have looked at his script with a wild despair.

Next Stage

SINCE I wrote last, the cast of *Waters of the Moon* has become even more planetary than before. This is N. C. Hunter's play, a Tennent production, which opens a short before-London tour at Brighton on March 26. Now the company will contain both Dame Edith Evans and Dame Sybil Thorndike—here is something for the theatrical historian—Wendy Hiller and Kathleen Harrison, besides Cyril Raymond, Harold Scott and Nan Munro.

SIR RALPH

There is another cast-of-all-the-talents in the Tennent revival of *The Three Sisters*, the play of Tchehov that no one has put on in London since the Gielgud revival in 1938. When the piece—which opens a short tour at Manchester on April 16—reaches London, Sir Ralph Richardson will be seen as Vershinin, Celia Johnson as Olga, Margaret Leighton as Masha, Renée Asherson as Irina, Diana Churchill as Natasha, and Harcourt Williams as the Doctor. I hear that Sir Ralph Richardson's later plans include a revival of Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, directed by Peter Brook, and a new untitled play by R. C. Sherriff.

FROM THE LION'S MANE

I once described the one-act plays of Shaw—in the words of another dramatist of distinction—as dewdrops from the lion's mane. Alec Clunes has decided to present eighteen of these dewdrops in four complete Festival programmes at the Arts. This three-months season begins on April 25; each of the programmes will have a week's run during the first month. I cannot list all of the plays here: it is enough to say that they cover the period between 1895 and 1934, that 109 parts will be taken by 16 actors, and that Roy Rich and John Fernald will be among the four producers.

WINTER SPORT

Anthony Kimmins has written a comedy called *Winter Sport*. Its scene is a ski resort in Switzerland; the piece will arrive as a part of London's summer sport, with Valerie White, Joyce Barbour, Robin Bailey, Guy Middleton and Emrys Jones in the cast, and memories of more than 800 performances of the same author's *While Parents Sleep*, during the early 1930's, to hearten all.

GETTING AROUND

Donald Wolfit follows Eric Portman, early in April, as the Governor in *His Excellency* at the Piccadilly. . . . Judith Furse is to be the new producer of *Intimate Relations*, the Cocteau play which now opens at the Arts on March 21, with Fay Compton. . . . Nigel Patrick and Geraldine McEwan will have leading parts in Henry Sherek's presentation of John Dighton's *Who Goes There!* . . . Sir Malcolm Sargent will conduct *The Mikado* at the opening of the Savoy Gilbert-and-Sullivan season on May 7.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

SQUADRON LEADER ARTHUR CALLARD, R.A.F.: For challenging the sun in a British aircraft.

IN Britain's first jet bomber, *Canberra*, pilot Callard and his crew of two whistled across the Atlantic from Aldergrove, Northern Ireland, to Gander, Newfoundland, in the fastest-ever—seven-miles-a-minute—flight of 4 hr. 40 min. Beating time backwards, the three lunched at Aldergrove before they left, and again on arrival 2000 miles west.

MR. G. TAYLOR: For mending many broken bodies and broken hearts.

THOUGH not a medical man, Mr. Taylor is known as "Doctor" to scores of Brighton's children, for in his surgery he mends dolls of all sizes and all ages, sending the once-tearful owners away beaming with smiles. Sometimes it takes Mr. Taylor hours to effect a "cure," but he is proud of his ability to carry out the most serious operations.

RICHARD DIMBLEBY: For holding his own at Madame Tussaud's.

TO Madame Tussaud's went the well-known broadcaster, to be modelled in wax and to join the collection of famous and infamous in the celebrated London museum. Once the "op" was over, it was easy for Dimbleby to demonstrate just once more that under any circumstances he can hold his own.

AUBREY BRABAZON and TIM MOLONY: For causing *Hatton's Grace* to effect a hat-trick in Cheltenham's Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup—the first time ever.

MRS. KEOGH'S *Hatton's Grace* created a record last week at Cheltenham by winning for the third successive year the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup. Aubrey Brabazon rode him to victory in 1949 and 1950, and Tim Molony this year.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

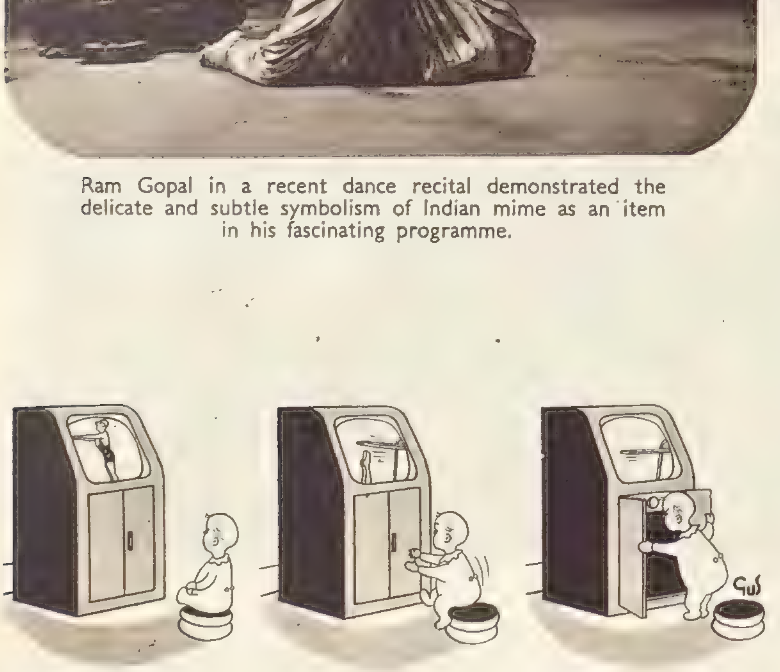
FREDDIE BROWN

For passing the supreme Test

To Freddie Brown the honour of leading an England team to a resounding victory in Australia, and by eight wickets. With a shade more luck we might have had the Ashes over here, but by winning the fifth and final Test on February 28 we recorded our first victory in Australia since 1936. England's captain has shown himself a true leader, and his individual performance on the field has been first-class. Australia's captain, Lindsay Hassett, paid tribute: "Playing against Brown has been a delight."

Designer James Bould (left) with model of his set for *Mother of Men*, discusses camera angles with producer Fawcett. The model is mounted accurately on a studio ground plan, squared in feet.

Ram Gopal in a recent dance recital demonstrated the delicate and subtle symbolism of Indian mime as an item in his fascinating programme.



TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

LOOKING AROUND

BEING quite an amiable chap, we are always willing to do whatever is possible to remove the furrowed lines of care from the other man's brow. So when Peter Bax, head of Television Design, gave vent to a cry from the heart the other day, we could not remain unmoved or inactive. It had seemed logical to follow up last issue's piece about the problems of costuming television with one concerning those of providing its scenery and mounting. It was while discussing this matter with Mr. Bax that he suddenly burst forth: "Oh, if only you could do something to stem this flood of letters I get from art students and mothers of child prodigies, suggesting that it would be too, too heavenly to come and join my staff. If you could tell them what qualifications a television designer *really* needs, it might make them think twice." How can one refuse—especially as it is exactly the ground we intended to cover?

To be able to produce a pretty design on paper does not begin to meet requirements. A television designer must be an artist—yes. But he must also be a man of extremely technical and practical resource. He has to know the capabilities and limitations of the cameras to be used. There are several types of these nowadays, each with its own quirks regarding depth of focus, colour resolution, and angle of view. He has to have an intimate knowledge of studio lighting.

To be able to calculate stresses and strains is a vital necessity. It might easily be a matter of life or death. The weight of twenty chorus girls adds up to a ton. If they were dancing on a platform and that platform were insufficiently strong, fatal consequences might follow, as they might if a staircase collapsed while several people were rushing up it. When, during a play, an actor has to bang on a door, or even break it open with his shoulder, that door and the surrounding "wall" has to be solid enough to bear such treatment; such things can't be left to chance.

But solid as it may be, scenery must also be easily movable. After each transmission it is "struck," as studio space is valuable, and the next production's setting has to go up in quick time to give every possible minute for the dress rehearsal. Also, in these days when producers are becoming more and more ambitious, whole chunks of scenery are shifted about, during the actual performance, either to make room for some other set or to clear a path for the bulky camera equipment moving about the studio. To make all this possible is just one more of the designer's problems, and it is one he must work out weeks before the show goes on the air. He is responsible for the scenic "layout": where each setting is to be sited in the studio, how the cameras and sound boom can be moved from one to the other, how the lamps can be placed to light the scene most effectively.

The designer now appears as a blend of artist, engineer, architect (senior designer Barry Learoyd is in fact an A.R.I.B.A.), and general. And that's the way it is. To those qualities he must also add that of a good housewife who is capable of improvisation and making do and mending. All scenery, after use, is dismantled into its component parts and stored. In the huge, disused theatre at Alexandra Palace one can see a bewildering array of scenic oddments: Gothic arches, telephone booths, corners of drawing-rooms, kitchen sinks, pillars of every type and shape, complete staircases, windows, garden walls, all patiently waiting for the time when they will be used again, refurbished in another guise. These items are carefully listed, and it is from this raw material that the designer makes up his new setting. To build from scratch for each of something like 300 productions a year would, of course, make the cost absolutely prohibitive.

Are we making the designer's work seem too prosaic? Why no mention of the considerable artistic contributions these gentlemen provide from time to time? Well, those can be seen by the viewer at any transmission. We have merely tried to pay some tribute to the very hard work that goes on, literally behind the scenes—and to do something about Peter Bax's heart-cry!

Opening scene from *Julius Cæsar*, showing (l. to r., in front) Anthony Hawtrey as Antony, Walter Hudd as Cæsar, and Mary Hinton as Calpurnia, with Patrick Barr as Brutus on extreme right.

Mr. Posket (Richard Goolden) about to be shown London's night life under the mentorship of his stepson Cis (James Kenney) in Pinero's *The Magistrate*, which gave us an evening's genuine laughter.

LOOKING BACK

WITH us, viewing is a serious business, so it is all the more pleasurable when we are provided with an evening's genuine laughter. Campbell Logan's production of Pinero's *The Magistrate* gave us just such a one. Mr. Logan did two wise things: he put his tongue well into his cheek, and he remembered that the play was over sixty years old, and consequently eligible to be considered a period piece. He did not shrink from the asides with which the farce is literally sprinkled. On the stage, such a device is now archaic, but in television it still comes off, and one really has the feeling that the rest of the characters cannot hear the outspoken thoughts of someone who has to get something off his chest. In this case they were delivered slap into the camera with all the seriousness in the world. Acting techniques, too, have changed, and with early Pinero one is forced to "ham." Mr. Logan's players hammed with goodwill, and delicious it was. We would specially like to thank Richard Goolden as Mr. Posket, the magistrate who has to sentence his own wife to seven days; Vivienne Bennett as Mrs. Posket, who gets herself into this predicament because she has taken five years off her age, and James Kenney, Mama's lusty young son of nineteen, by a former marriage, who consequently has to pretend to be only fourteen.

Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, to put it mildly, is a rather more serious affair. It is not an easy play to produce and several degrees of Gehenna to act. Though it has superb moments, there are—let's face it—passages of *longueur* and anti-climax. The action is bitty, and moves from place to place and from time to time in a way that makes it hard to achieve a steady dramatic progression. With all this in mind, Stephen Harrison's production, while not making history, was a fine piece of work. If he is to be criticised for falling down on the crowd scenes, which were distinguished by some patent lethargy on the part of the feckless Romans, he is to be congratulated on his sensitive handling of individual scenes by the main characters. Of these, a trio of beautiful performances emerged: Patrick Barr as Brutus, Clement McCallin as Cassius, and Anthony Hawtrey as Antony. The quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius was really moving, without once becoming mawkish; while Antony's funeral oration earns this issue's Oscar for Mr. Hawtrey.

Light Entertainment is still very much marking time with series-programmes. We take a glance at them from time to time and are happy to note that, by and large, the standard is improving. But please be a little more ambitious soon, Mr. Waldman. There was one offering from this department, with a new producer, W. Lyon-Shaw, at the helm, with which we were in complete agreement: "Charivari." It was unpretentious, made no effort at a rationalised background (such as a night club), but merely set out to entertain lightly for half an hour. This it did admirably with the aid of such artists as the incredibly young-looking Renée Houston, monumental Mae Barnes, and other talented folk.

LOOKING AHEAD

WE ourself have tried to dramatise Mrs. Gaskell's immortal *Cranford* and failed. So we know just how tricky Douglas Allen's job is going to be when he presents a television version of it on March 25 and 29. To convey its gentle irony, its deep human compassion, its atmosphere of courageous but impoverished gentility by means of the thinly connected episodes of the book in terms of drama is not going to be easy. But so well worth trying. Play by Martyn Coleman, adaptation by Jon Manchip White. With Gillian Lind (Miss Matty), Julia Braddock (Mary Smith), Fabia Drake (Hon. Mrs. Jamieson), Betty Marsden (Miss Pole).

Other interesting dates:

March 25.—Easter Service, conducted by the Rev. Clifford D. Pronger, from Kew Parish Church.

March 27.—*Spring at Marino*, by Constance Cox. Adaptation of Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. Margaret Rawlings, Derek Farr, Muriel Pavlov. Produced by Kenneth Buckley.

April 1 and 5.—*The Voysey Inheritance*, by Granville Barker. The sins of the father . . . Ivor Barnard, Molly Rankin, Louise Hampton, Michael Hordern. Production by Campbell Logan.

April 3.—*Breakers Ahead*, by Guy Morton. Production by Eric Fawcett.

April 5.—Spring Fashions (3.30 p.m.).

April 7.—O.B. England *v.* Wales, from Wembley.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.

Anthony Hawtrey: For a memorable moment in television. As Antony in *Julius Cæsar* his approach to the famous funeral oration was a mixture of modern platform speaking and beautiful verse delivery. An artistic triumph.

Drawn by Michael ffolkes.

IN THE SPRING THE ANTIQUES' FANCY . . .

STAGE.—Yvonne Mitchell: For being both one of the best of our younger actresses and a discerning dramatist. Her first play, *Here Choose I*, has been staged by the Nottingham Repertory Company.

J. C. Trewin

SCREEN.—Earl Cameron, a young actor of great promise from Bermuda, whose screen début in *Pool of London* gives the film its warmest moments and should make his native town of Hamilton extremely proud.

C. A. Lejeune

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

LITERATURE.—Elizabeth Taylor: For that very rare achievement, a fine love story—*A Game of Hide and Seek*.

RADIO.—Alan Lomax and Miss Robin Roberts: For their fascinating series of programmes of American folk songs.

Frederick Laws

DOUBLE APPROACH TO SPRING

ON the right : blossom-time—"l'Appel du Printemps," from last year's London Salon of Photography. On the left: theatrical—Cicely Courtneidge sings "Bees Are Buzzin'" from *Gay's the Word* at the Saville Theatre, written and composed by Ivor Novello, with lyrics by Alan Melville.

★

"Bees are buzzin' by the dozen,
Nature's so surprisin',
There's a shock in store for the man next door . . .
It's Spring—and the sap is risin'!

"Buds are bustin', housewives dustin',
Birds are harmonisin';
I've a brand-new hat that'll knock 'em flat—
It's Spring—and the sap is risin'.

"Worms are wrigglin', spinsters gigglin',
Farmers fertilisin';
All the ducks and drakes make the same mistakes;
It's Spring—and the sap is risin'!

"Bees are buzzin' by the dozen,
Cows are fraternisin',
Everyone, it's clear, has the right idea—
It's Spring—and the sap is risin'!"

Quotation from the Melville lyric, "Bees Are Buzzin'," by courtesy of Chappell and Co. Ltd.

Photographs by Angus McBean.

Photograph by Edmond Moulu.

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS by C. A. LEJEUNE

"POOL OF LONDON."—A disappointing film, but an outstanding performance by a young coloured actor, Earl Cameron, as Johnny, seen (above, right) accepting stolen diamonds from Dan (Bonar Colleano).

FILMS IN BRIEF

"CÉSAR"—The last instalment of Marcel Pagnol's beautiful trilogy about life along the Marseilles waterfront. With our old friends Raimu, Charpin, Fresnay, Demazis and others, and the affectionate touch of a master-craftsman. Not to be missed.

"DOWN WITH RICHES"—Voluble and volatile Italian satire on the new rich who hope to acquire gentility by purchase. Not a film of great account, but Anna Magnani and Vittorio de Sica give it amplitude.

"THE 13TH LETTER"—Presentable though slightly blurred carbon copy of *Le Corbeau*, a French poison-pen thriller, struck off by an American company in the province of Quebec, with Charles Boyer, Linda Darnell, Michael Rennie and Françoise Rosay (wasted). Only a young Irish actress named Constance Smith (she had a small part in *The Mudlark*) looks like something from a top copy.

"THREE GUYS NAMED MIKE"—The education of Jane Wyman as an air hostess, up to the point at which she is trained to decide, without any interruption of service, that Van Johnson is the nicest passenger and the most eligible husband who ever travelled by American Airways.

"ROCKY MOUNTAIN"—Errol Flynn and wife (Patrice Wymore) in a geographically and historically confusing Western about a troop of Confederate soldiers who allow themselves to be massacred by Indians for the sake of a Yankee lady. This peaky outdoor film seems to need Technicolor, as well as a lot of other assets I could mention.

"OUR VERY OWN"—Should an adopted child be told she is adopted, and if so, when and by whom? An item from the Hollywood Heart-throb column, in words of one syllable and glossy type.

"A WALK IN THE SUN."—A war film by the producer of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, with Dana Andrews as a third sergeant who leads the remains of his crippled platoon to victory. He is seen (above, centre) anxiously scanning the sky for enemy fighters.

"POOL OF LONDON"

EALING STUDIOS have a touch with "semi-documentaries"—story-films played against authentic backgrounds, showing the faces of our cities and our countryside as we know them, or ought to know them—that no other British studio seems blessed with; and *Pool of London* has many things in it to rejoice an Englishman's heart. The picture will be welcomed, I am sure, for its fascinating glimpses of secret, deserted City streets on a Sunday morning; for the pearly skyline of the north bank seen from the river; the magnificent globe artichoke of St. Paul's and the slender hammock of Tower Bridge; the fretwork of tall masts and rigging; the sleek, mysterious cavern of the Rotherhithe tunnel; the pattern of dawn and sunset on the smoky water, which puts one in mind of some study by Whistler.

It should be welcomed, too, and will certainly be remembered, for the performance of a young coloured actor from Bermuda called Earl Cameron. Mr. Cameron plays the part of a sailor who falls in love with a white girl during his two days' shore leave; finds in her sympathy and kindness a shy, golden holiday; but cares for her deeply enough to refuse the love she is eager to offer him. Colour doesn't matter, she impulsively tells him. Colour, he assures her, still does matter. It is a beautiful little sketch, unfinished through no fault of Mr. Cameron's.

Apart from these things, *Pool of London* is a disappointment. A slow start, a disjointed script—it takes thirty-five minutes before any scene is sustained for more than a brief flash and a handful of sentences—too many characters with too little to do, and too many subsidiary stories competing for prominence, prevent it from taking any firm grip on the imagination. In the end it settles down into a fairly routine "cops-and-robbers" thriller, with a smart sailor (Bonar Colleano), who has got on very nicely in the past with small-time smuggling, suddenly finding himself involved in big-time crime, with £20,000 of diamonds in his pocket and a charge of complicity in murder on his head.

Perhaps the saddest fault of *Pool of London*—apart from the fact that it wastes Moira Lister, Renee Asherson and Joan Dowling in ill-resolved parts of little consequence—is that it horribly wastes the Pool of London. At the beginning of the film, a cargo steamer docks in the Pool, and as Synopsis most properly says: "for the few days she is loading or discharging she becomes as much a part of the Pool as the wharves and warehouses, as the buildings of the City itself." Of course she does—but you wouldn't know it from the picture. Forgotten are the wharves and warehouses, the river, the *Dunbar*, and the Pool itself, while Mr. Colleano and confederates are chasing round Poplar with their diamonds. There is enough quality in Ealing Studios to allow them a wide margin of error, but this time too much went too wastefully wrong.

★

"A WALK IN THE SUN"

A MISLEADING phrase introduces this film to us as "Lewis Milestone's *New* World War II Epic." In fact, *A Walk in the Sun*, although it is undoubtedly new in the sense that audiences in this country have not seen it before, was made in 1945, and shelved over here. Whether it was altogether wise to take it off the shelf at the present moment is a matter open to doubt. The picture is in many ways a fine one, but its implications are disturbing. It is described as a "worthy successor to *All Quiet on the Western Front*," which Milestone made fifteen years earlier, and the works resemble one another closely in style—but what a world of difference in attitude between the two!

All Quiet showed the First World War from the enemy's side of the trenches, and was, in essence, a passionate plea for international understanding and peace. *A Walk in the Sun* sees the last war from the point of view of the conquerors, and although it certainly does not pretend that war is beautiful, it no longer appears to think of it as something beastly and barbaric, a last resort in the settling of human problems. The film follows the fortunes of a platoon of U.S. infantrymen doing their short march from an Italian beach-head to their objective, a German-occupied farmhouse. The lieutenant in command has been shot down in the landing barge, and shortly dies; the sergeant who succeeds him is promptly killed; the second sergeant goes to pieces under the strain, and is left sobbing hysterically by the roadside for the medical corps to pick up; in the end, the moment produces the man in the third sergeant, who leads the remnants of the platoon to a triumphant completion of their mission.

As in *All Quiet*, Mr. Milestone uses his cameras magnificently, and *A Walk* will be chiefly remembered for the vigour and imagination of individual shots—the silhouette of hands against the sky, reaching for a cigarette, the deceptively peaceful farmhouse, couched sleepily in the Italian sun. The acting from the all-male cast is good, with Dana Andrews as the third sergeant outstanding. At moments the sentiment rings wonderfully true, but too much mere sentimentality has been allowed to creep into the film, and I think the folksy ballad they have introduced as background music is an error.

CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEW

"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER, R.N.," is based on the famous "Hornblower" novels of C. S. Forester. The story of the film takes place in 1807 when England is at war with the French and Spaniards under Napoleon. Captain Hornblower is in command of H.M.S. *Lydia*, a British frigate on a secret mission in the Pacific. Adventures and naval battles come his way; also the advent of the beautiful Lady Barbara Wellesley, sister of the Duke of Wellington, whom, somewhat unwillingly at first, he has to take on board his ship as a passenger back to England. Gregory Peck has the title rôle, and Virginia Mayo plays Lady Barbara; Robert Beatty and Terence Morgan have other leading parts. The film, which is in Technicolor, will have its world première at Warner Theatre on April 12, when Princess Margaret will be present. The proceeds of this performance go to two naval charities—King George's Fund for Sailors and the *Foudroyant* Appeal.

Right: Captain Hornblower (Gregory Peck) interviews Lady Barbara Wellesley (Virginia Mayo) when she comes on board the *Lydia*.

Below: On the deck of H.M.S. *Lydia*, Captain Hornblower with his two lieutenants, William Bush (Robert Beatty; left) and Gerard (Terence Morgan).

SPRING-CLEAN YOUR BEAUTY

By Veronica Lee

NOW is the time of year when the ritual of spring-cleaning has come round again. Let 's take it a step further this year and extend it to ourselves. Winter wet, frost and fog have not exactly improved our complexions ; skins are dull, spotty—or just plain dirty. So here are some suggestions for brightening and freshening our looks to face up to sunnier days.

Soap-and-water cleanliness takes on a new glamour when scented with Chanel's world-famous perfumes. This firm also makes an all-purpose Crème de Beauté, light in texture and delicately fragrant.

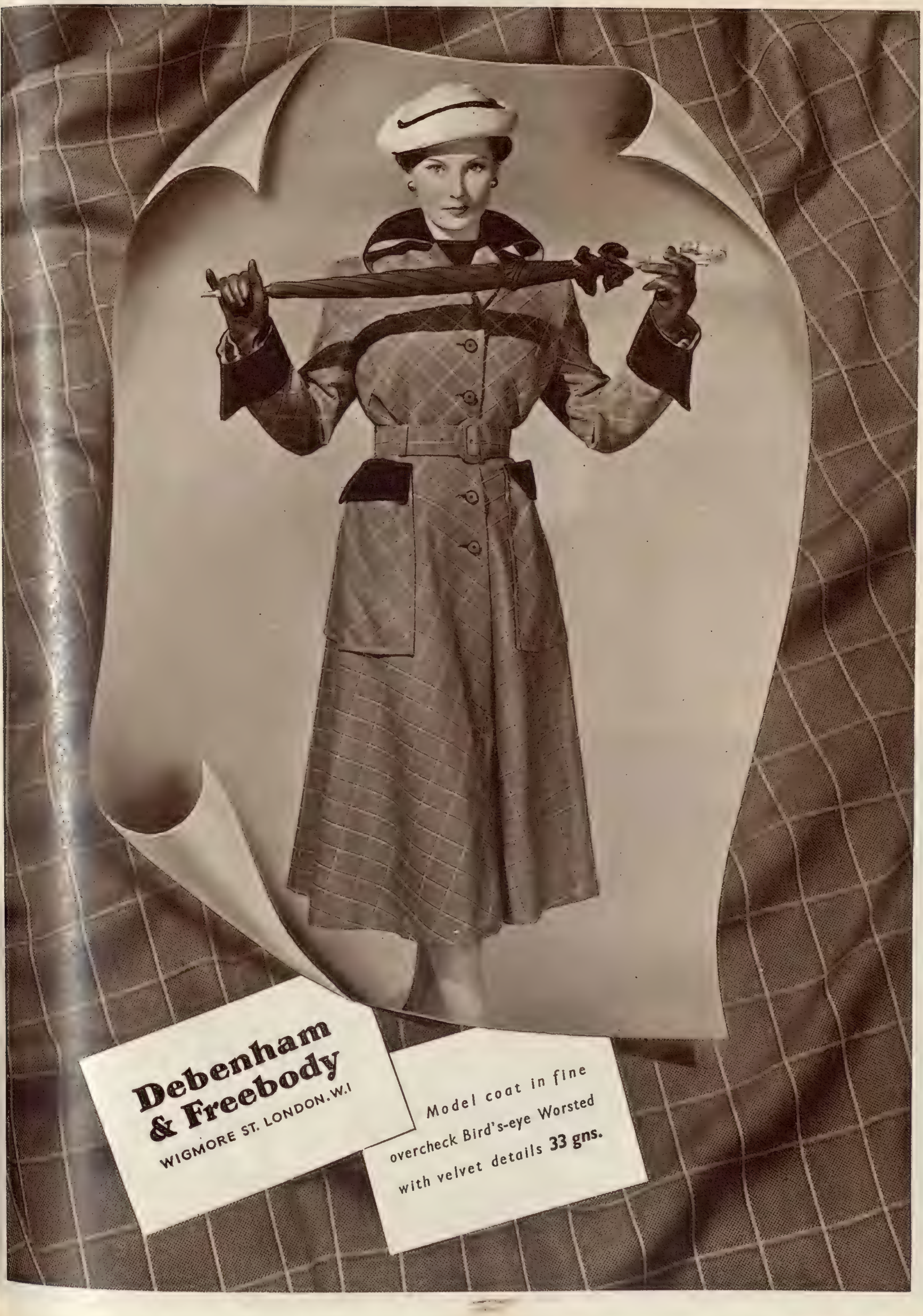
Prepared from the finest French ingredients, Antoine's products are manufactured in France. In London they can only be obtained at the Antoine salon, 38, Dover Street. Here is Cleansing Cream 534, light and particularly suitable for dry, sensitive skins ; the Antoine Masque 24, which produces a sensation of freshness and cleanliness, and should be followed after twenty minutes with Ideal Astringent lotion.

Best known of all the " 4711 " products is, of course, the Eau-de-Cologne ; but the range also includes some good, moderately-priced cleansing preparations such as Cleansing Milk, at 5s. ; Liquefying Cleansing Cream, at 5s. 4d. ; and Astringent Refresher, at 5s.

Why not give yourself a real spring-cleaning bath with Cussons' fragrant Linden Blossom range of bath luxuries. The complete outfit consists of soap, bath salts and essence, talcum powder and toilet water.

And—talking of baths—a soap which is an all-over beauty treatment in itself is Personality. Made with rich, bland turtle oil it has little of the drying properties usually attributed to soap, and, as well as for the body, is particularly good for a soap-and-water cleansing of the face.

(Continued on page 240.)


Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE ST. LONDON, W.1
Model coat in fine overcheck Bird's-eye Worsted with velvet details 33 gns.

SPRING-CLEAN YOUR BEAUTY

By Veronica Lee

(Continued from page 238.)

For the older skins Hormone creams are now recognised as being particularly beneficial and rejuvenating. British Glandular Products Ltd. were one of the pioneers of these creams as far back as 1934. During the war supplies were limited almost to extinction, but now jars of this miracle cream can be obtained from 37, Chesham Place, S.W.1, price £1 (as top right).

Charles of the Ritz have their own answers to skin problems which are due very often at this time of year. For blackheads they advise Special Cream and Special Lotion; for early-spring pimples on young skins, Medicated Cream, Lotion and Soap.

The French firm of Roget & Gallet are famous for many excellent preparations, including their Jean Marie Farina Eau-de-Cologne. They are also makers of superfine, flower-perfumed soaps (as third shelf down on right), Violet, Carnation and Tea-rose, at 2s. 0½d. per 3-oz. tablet.

Jane Seymour goes in largely for all kinds of beauty treatments in the salon at 21, Grosvenor Street; also for hairdressing and for beauty preparations at moderate prices. Here are three which are specially suitable just now: Cleansing Milk, at 4s. 10d.; Juniper Skin Tonic, at 4s.; and Rejuvenating Mask, at 7s. 2d.

Below, back on the market for the first time since the war, is Coty's pore-cleansing Avocado Beauty Milk. Made with the beneficial oil of the avocado pear, it is deeply penetrating, and also rich with rejuvenating and curative Vitamins A, D and E.

PICTURE GOWN
in White Lace and Net
TO ORDER IN SMALL FITTINGS
30 GNS
Worn by
Mai Zetterling
SMALL LADIES GOWNS
FIRST FLOOR
MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
LONDON W·1
The first Name
in fashion

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK. By Elizabeth Taylor. (*Peter Davies ; 9s. 6d.*)
RANDALL AND THE RIVER OF TIME. By C. S. Forester. (*Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.*)
BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT. By C. W. Grafton. (*Heinemann ; 9s. 6d.*)
I BELIEVED. By Douglas Hyde. (*Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.*)

MISS ELIZABETH TAYLOR is one of the most interesting of modern novelists. Each of her books has been beautifully written, each the work of a sensitive artist with an angle of vision truly her own. Although *A Game of Hide and Seek* still suffers, I think, from over-planning, or perhaps from too obvious planning, it is the best novel she has written and ought to bring her work to the notice of a much wider circle of readers. It is primarily a love-story, and that in itself is unusual, for the good novels published in this century which fall plumb into that category can be counted on the fingers of one, or at the most two, hands. It is the story of Harriet and Vesey, whom we first meet as children. They are drawn together then by forces which they do not understand or even recognise, and their shy, inarticulate love is most cleverly and tenderly shown. In adolescence it is more obvious to them and to the adults around them, and Vesey's prickly, erratic, brilliant nature and Harriet's more stable and amiable one, develop under our eyes. In later years they are outwardly separated, for Harriet marries Charles Jephcott, a punctiliously honest and prudent man some years older than she is, and they have a delightful daughter. Vesey becomes an actor and Charles realises what Vesey means to Harriet, though she fervently denies, even to herself, that he means anything at all. Harriet and Vesey at last make a rather feeble attempt to go away together, but it is too late, and the last pages of the book are tragic. As usual, Miss Taylor's minor characters are skilfully drawn from life, and not, as minor characters have a way of being, from other novels, films and plays. There is a kind of pool of these useful people on which too many novelists draw —tart spinster aunts, faithful old nannies, philosophical charwomen. You will not find any of them here. Vesey's aunt and Harriet's mother, for instance, had been close friends since their suffragette days when "(a smudged photograph recorded this) they had once been hustled, gripped above the elbows by policemen, up the steps of a police-station. In the background, shop windows showed great holes like black stars." Throughout the book they remain credible and vivid, as do the other "small parts." This is a novel which should be high on almost any library list.

MR. C. S. FORESTER'S new book, *Randall and the River of Time*, concerns a young soldier of the First World War who, we are told, is to figure in future novels by this author. Whatever social commentary may be intended in the series as a whole, this is a straightforward period piece, the story of a 1917 marriage and its tragic eruption when the young husband finds his wife's lover in her bed and kills that lover. The time is stressed by some descriptions of trench warfare written almost nostalgically, by a Zeppelin raid and by pieces of contemporary slang which the author finds it necessary to interpret. ("'Some hopes,' said Randall—the peculiar expression implying that it was not likely.") Randall is a rather colourless young man, the son of a master at a school in the South-Eastern suburbs of London, and the woman he marries is typical enough of her time and background. The central scene, the traditional unexpected return of the husband to his home and his finding of the guilty pair, is rendered with all this author's competent realism, a touch of the macabre being added by the fact that the murdered man is one-legged. The last third of the book is taken up by the police investigation and the trial of young Randall on a charge of murder, a trial robbed of the more obvious kind of suspense for readers who have examined the book jacket, and know from it that Randall is to survive for his part in future novels. Mr. Forester's work is impeccably true-to-life, so much so that his words fall with a kind of inevitability. A sound but unexciting piece of work.

MR. GRAFTON'S novel, *Beyond a Reasonable Doubt*, is also the story of a trial for murder, but here we step across the border into thrillerdom, where motives may be machine-made and human beings step to and fro on the chess-board according to their pre-ordained characteristics. It is very good of its kind, this story of the violent outcome of a party given by a lawyer, and the dramatic trial which follows it, for although one often feels that the book is too long for its theme, one does not want to skip, and that is surely the final test for a murder mystery. There is a twist of plot here which, so far as I know, has never been used before. A young lawyer, Jess London, a somewhat weak character one gathers, is given every possible provocation to murder his brother-in-law, a bullying, blackmailing type who has planned to ruin Jess and his sister. He does murder him, in full sight of the reader, who is left in no possible doubt about it. From here onwards we watch Jess fighting for acquittal on the charge of murder. There is real suspense over the outcome of the trial, made more acute, I found, by the knowledge that Jess was, in fact, the murderer, and Mr. Grafton keeps his final ironic little surprise to the last line or two.

THERE is a recognised place on American book-lists for confessions by sobered drunkards, graphic descriptions of past illusions by psychopaths who have been treated and cured, and the autobiographies of reformed Communists. In this country we have had a few of the first two, but Mr. Douglas Hyde's *I Believe* must be our first native example of the third. It has been acclaimed as an interesting and highly significant social document, but I do not find it that. The thing revealed here most certainly is that the writer is a man of fine and sensitive instincts, a man incapable of mean recriminations at the expense of those who were for years his friends. He is willing to expose everything about his own life as a Communist and, in general terms, about the creed he once followed, but he is not prepared to secure a scurrilous popularity by giving sensational details which would involve his former associates. I found his story a sincere and moving one, but for me its human interest was uppermost. The later convolutions of conscience which his job as news-editor of *The Daily Worker* demanded are described with equal frankness. When Germany's attack on Russia changed the war from an Imperialist one to the common struggle against Fascism, there was an Anglo-Soviet procession at St. Pancras. "I fell in step with a Party member whom I knew, and who in the past had been a Bolshevik among Bolsheviks, hating the 'capitalists' with all his heart. He was carrying a huge photo of Churchill, whilst behind marched two men with a streamer-banner bearing the words, 'Let Us Go Forward Together—Winston Churchill.' 'How does it feel to be carrying a picture of Comrade Churchill?' I asked him. 'Lousy,' he said. Then he added, cheering up again: 'But we 'll deal with that—when he 's helped us to save the Soviet Union.' That summed it up." Eventually, Russia's behaviour in Czechoslovakia broke the author's best intentions to keep to the party line, and at the same time he decided to become a Catholic. A very interesting personal record.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BANDERSNATCH.
By T. E. Ryves. (*Grey Walls Press ; 10s. 6d.*)

A novel about an imaginary future world must be almost fabulously clever, witty, graphic and exciting to avoid being dull. This one is just not enough of any of those things, though I liked the author's spirited determination to recount thoroughly a man's adventures on a Pacific island several thousand years hence.

WOMAN RETURNING.
By James Wellard. (*Werner Laurie ; 11s. 6d.*)

An English spinster goes to Naples to revisit scenes and people which her friends (and I) think best forgotten. She seeks to adopt a young child, marries an hotel porter whom she had known as a fisherman, and ends by going —almost literally—off the deep end.

LADY SO SILENT.
By Lester Dent. (*Cassell ; 9s. 6d.*)

Crime and detection at sea.

TUCK'S GIRL.
By Marcel Wallenstein. (*Constable ; 10s. 6d.*)

A good story about what used to be called, I believe, a "gangster's moll" back in the 'twenties, when, indeed, it takes place. The scene is Kansas City.

Drawn by Ray Chesterton.

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CEREMONY

March 15. The Queen visits the Coborn School for Girls, Bow Road, London, E. Princess Margaret visits the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia.

March 17. The King and Queen attend the England *v.* Scotland Rugby match at Twickenham. Princess Elizabeth starts the Head of the River race at Mortlake.

March 22. The King and Queen attend the service in Westminster Abbey when the King distributes the Royal Maundy.

CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

Edward Reginald, son of the late Comdr. R. G. **Stone** and of Mrs. Stone, of Tain, Ross-shire, and Susannah Gladys Hume, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Waddell **Dudley**, of Stradishall Manor, near Newmarket.

Ronald Norman, son of Colonel and Mrs. **Constantine**, of Harlsey Manor, Northallerton, Yorks, and Prudence Mary, daughter of Major and Mrs. **Chapell**, of Salcombe, and Inversnaid, Loch Lomondside.

Charles Michael, son of Major and Mrs. H. S. **Allfrey**, The Grange, How Caple, Hereford, and Ann, daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. A. **Merriman**, Newton House, Longparish, Hants.

Captain H. D. G. **Butler**, The Rifle Brigade, son of Major-General and Mrs. S. S. Butler, of Bury Lodge, Hambledon, Hants, and Barbara Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert **Ashton**, of Abberley Hall, Worcester.

Michael Walter, son of Major and Mrs. Walter **Bonn**, of Jersey, and Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Major and Mrs. Anthony **Buxton**, of Horsey Hall, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

Peter Scott **Young** and Gillian Margaret, daughter of the Hon. Donald and Mrs. **Campbell**, of Bowzell Place, Weald, Sevenoaks.

Captain R. J. G. **Dallas**, The 3rd King's Own Hussars, son of the late Lt.-Col. Douglas Dallas, and of Mrs. Sutton, and Sylvia Rosemary, daughter of Col. the Hon. C. G. and Mrs. **Cubitt**, High Barn, Effingham, Surrey.

Dr. M. A. **Barker**, son of Mrs. G. M. Barker, of Lyme Regis, and Antonia Margaret, daughter of Major and Mrs. R. D. **Bennett**, of Tytherleigh Manor, Axminster, Devon.

Lieut.-Colonel W. A. B. **Manger**, M.C., The Queen's Bays, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Manger, and of Mrs. Ing, Sherborne, Dorset, and Elizabeth, daughter of Major and Mrs. B. J. **Monteith**, of Cranley, Carstairs, Lanarkshire.

Baron Edward Alexander **Falz-Fein**, Principality of Liechtenstein, and Virginia, daughter of the late Sir Noel **Curtis-Bennett**, and of Lady Curtis-Bennett.

SPORT

RACING

March 14-15. Fontwell Park.
,, 16-17. GRAND MILITARY MEETING, Sandown.
,, 19-20. Doncaster.
,, 21-22. Lingfield.
,, 22 and 24. Southwell
,, 24 and 26. Manchester.
,, 24, 26, 27. Kempton.
,, 26-27. Birmingham and Newcastle, Chepstow, Wetherby, Market Rasen.
,, 29, 30, 31. Lincoln. (Lincolnshire Handicap on the 31st.)

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The following matches will take place at Twickenham:
March 17. England *v.* Scotland.
,, 31. The Army *v.* R.A.F.
April 14. Harlequins *v.* London Welsh.
,, 28. Seven-a-side Finals.

ENTERTAINMENT

THEATRE NEWCOMERS

"Electra" and "The Wedding" (Old Vic)—classics by Sophocles and Chekov.

"The Seventh Veil" (Princes)—by Muriel and Sidney Box, based on their film; with Ann Todd, Leo Genn and Herbert Lom.

"MacAdam and Eve" (Aldwych)—a play by Roger MacDougall, with Beatrice Varley and John Laurie.

"Fortune Came Smiling" (Vaudeville)—a new play by George Barraud, with Greta Gynt and Hugh Williams. March 15.

"The Passing Day" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—a play by George Sheils, given by the newly-formed Northern Ireland Theatre Company. March 20.

"Intimate Relations" (Arts)—a new translation of Jean Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles," with Fay Compton. March 21.

Hoagy Carmichael (London Palladium)—well-known American pianist, singer and composer. For two weeks from March 26.

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" (Old Vic)—by Shaw, fifth production of the season opening April 17, with Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey.

OPERA

At Sadler's Wells: the opera season continues.

At the Cambridge Theatre, London: "The Consul," Gian-Carlo Menotti's successful opera from New York, with Patricia Neway and all-American cast.

The Covent Garden Opera Company return to the Royal Opera House to begin their new season on April 2.

BALLET

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: Sadler's Wells Ballet give "Cinderella" at every performance until March 21. On March 22 and 24 they give "Les Patineurs," "Ballet Imperial" and "Mam'zelle Angot"; and on March 26-29 "Le Lac des Cygnes."

At Sadler's Wells: the ballet season continues with performances on Tuesday evenings and Saturday matinées, and with "Pineapple Poll" added to the repertoire.

At the Stoll, Kingsway: a short season of Spanish Ballet, with Teresa and Luisillo.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

March 14. At 8: The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Solo violin: Campoli.

March 15. At 7.30: The second of a Cycle of five Beethoven Concerts by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. Solo violin: Wolfgang Schneiderhan.

March 18. At 7.30: The third of a Cycle of five Beethoven Concerts by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. Solo pianoforte: Backhaus.

March 20. At 7.30: The fourth of a Cycle of five Beethoven Concerts by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. Solo pianoforte: Backhaus.

March 23. At 2.30: The Royal Choral Society presents Handel's "Messiah" in its entirety. The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.

March 25. At 7.30: The last of a Cycle of five Beethoven Concerts by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips.

March 28. At 8: The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. Solo pianoforte: Lady Beecham.

ART

At Victoria and Albert Museum: Rothenstein Collection; Indian Paintings, and the newly-opened Renaissance Galleries.

At Arts Council, 4, St. James's Square: Pisan Sculpture. Until March 31.

At the Guildhall: Society of Tempora Painters and Mural Decorators.

At Institute of Contemporary Arts: 17, Dover Street, Paintings from Haiti. Until April 10.

New Paintings by L. S. Lowry, at Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street.

French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries, 4th Series, at Marlborough, 17, Old Bond Street.

Water-colours by Albert Goodwin, 1845-1932, at Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street. Until March 28.

Recent Paintings by Victor Brauer and Jean Hugo, at Hanover Gallery, 32a, St. George Street. Until April 7.

French 18th-Century Interior at Wildenstein Gallery, 147, New Bond Street.

Rebuilding Warsaw Exhibition at R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, W.1. March 20.

139th Exhibition of Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours at R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly. March 19-April 28.

104th Exhibition of the New English Art Club, at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. March 20-April 10

SOCIAL EVENTS

Foyle's Literary Luncheon at the Dorchester on March 28 is in honour of Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham and his book *A Sailor's Odyssey*.

The New Forest Hunt Ball will take place at Rhinefield, Brockenhurst, Hants, on March 30.

The world première of the film "Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N.," at Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors and the Foudroyant Appeal, on April 12. Princess Margaret will attend.

The Woodland Pytchley Hunt Race Ball will take place at Deene Park on April 21.

The Grove Hunt Point-to-Point Ball will take place at Serlby Hall on April 27.

The Red Cross Ball (Chelsea Division) will take place at the Dorchester on April 27.

The Wilton Hunt Ball will take place at the Assembly Rooms, Salisbury, on April 27.

The Lord's Taverners' Ball, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, will take place in the Great Room, Grosvenor House, on April 30. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will attend.

ENGAGEMENTS

Yevonde.

Miss Gillian Mary Scott, grand-daughter of Lord Camrose, who marries Mr. Charles Ivor Williams next month.

Pearl Freeman.

Miss Magdalen Eyston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Eyston, of New York and London, who marries Mr. Alan Edgar Hood next month.

Harlip.

Miss Antonia Moyna Buchanan, who marries Captain P. R. Smalley on April 4.

Mr. C. B. M. Lloyd, President of the Cambridge Rowing Club, and his fiancée, Miss Felice Benjamin.

Fayer.

Miss Rachel Moyra Aylmer, who marries Captain P. D. Pauncefort-Duncombe on April 4.

Pearl Freeman.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Hoare, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. E. Hoare, who marries Mr. Peter David Moll on March 31.

Bertram Park.

Miss Frances Rosemary Walton, daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. M. Walton, who marries Mr. Peter Wyer Francis on March 30.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race takes place on March 24. Here are the strokes: L. A. F. Stokes (Oxford) and D. M. Jennings (Cambridge).

D. R. Stuart.

The England *v.* Scotland Rugby match at Twickenham on March 17 is captained by John Kendall-Carpenter (England) and P. W. Kininmonth (Scotland).

Dany Dauberson, France's famous torch singer, who opens a cabaret season at the Empress Club, London, on March 15.

Greta Gynt plays opposite Hugh Williams, as his wife, in *Fortune Came Smiling* at the Vaudeville Theatre. (See opposite page.)

John Laurie plays MacAdam in Roger MacDougall's comedy *MacAdam and Eve* at the Aldwych. (See opposite page.)

Fred Astaire and Sarah Churchill are together in the film *Wedding Bells* at the Empire, Leicester Square.

Fay Compton has the feminine lead in *Intimate Relations* at the Arts Theatre on March 21. (See opposite page.)

Hoagy Carmichael, composer of "Stardust," is at the Palladium for two weeks from March 26. (See opposite page.)

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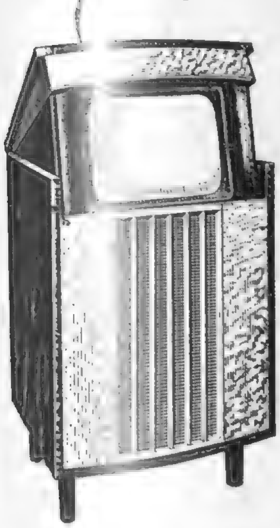

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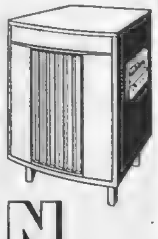

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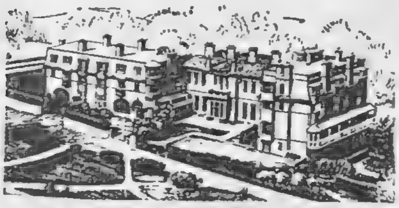

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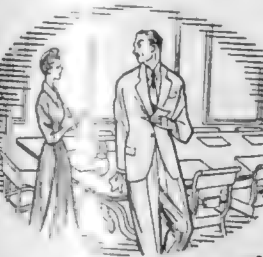

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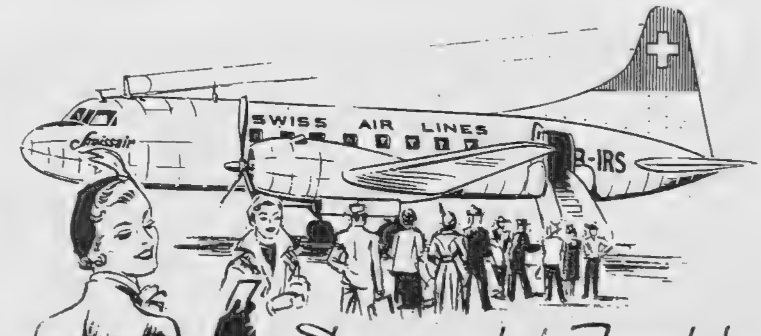

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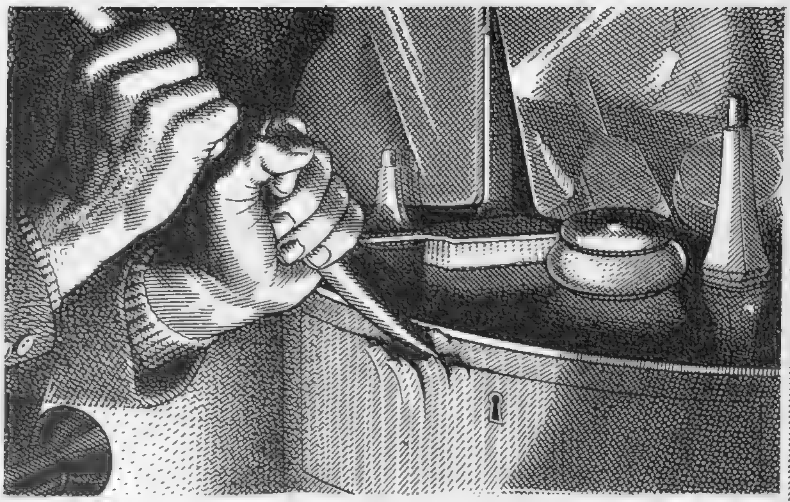

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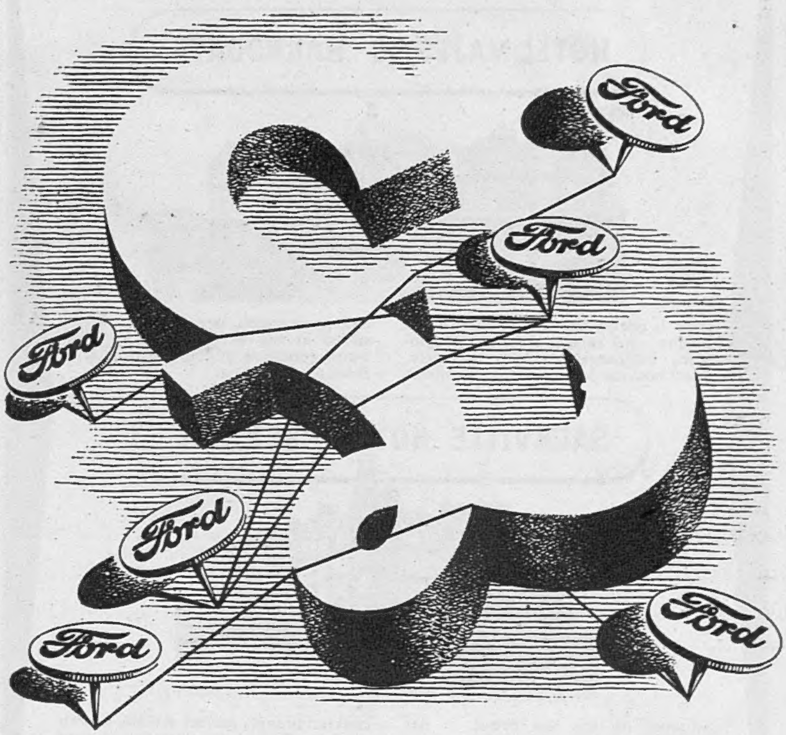

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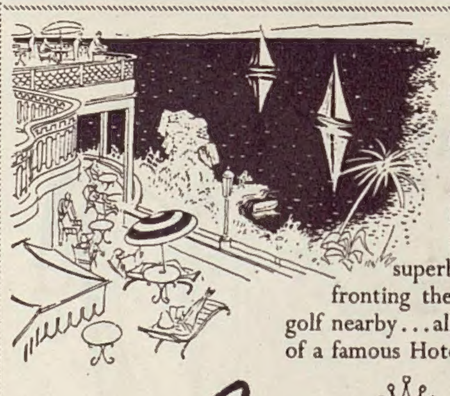

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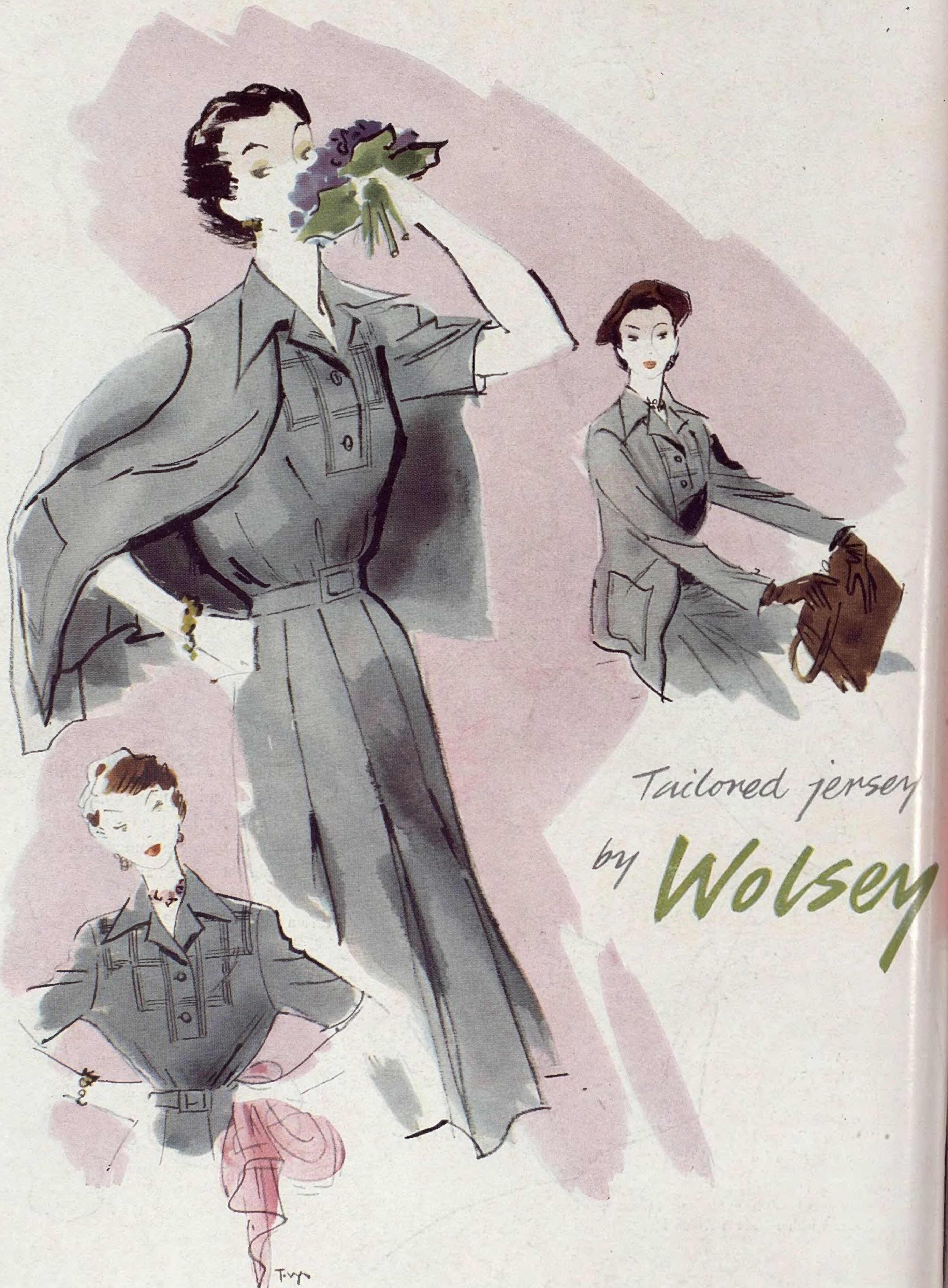

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